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# THE POETS AND



## ROBERT BURNS

*Robert Earle May*  
Souvenir Program

### BURNS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION FAIR

Berkeley Temple, December 12, 13, 14  
AFTERNOON AND EVENING

PRICE 10c EACH

BENEFIT OF THE  
MONUMENT FUND



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## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BURNS MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.

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The Burns Memorial Association had its inception at a meeting of the Boston Caledonian Club in January, 1899, when it was suggested that the time had now come when strenuous efforts should be made to erect a monument to Scotia's beloved bard in the city of Boston. At the March meeting of the Club, a committee was appointed to take up the matter with sister societies, and seek their co-operation in the movement. The committee called the sister societies together for conference in May, at which time it was decided that the best interests of the movement would be served by forming a separate organization to be known as the Burns Memorial Association of Boston. During the summer of 1899, meetings were held from time to time, and it was finally decided that for the best interests of all concerned, the Association should be incorporated under the laws of the Commonwealth, and to this end a Charter was asked for and granted October 31, 1899. The following extract from our Charter will show for what the Association exists:—

"That whereas.....have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of 'The Burns Memorial Association of Boston,' for the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of the poet, Robert Burns in the city of Boston, Mass., etc."

The first president of the Association was Mr. George D. Wemyss, at that time president of the Scots Charitable Society. He was succeeded by the late Mr. Henry Norwell, of Shepard, Norwell & Co.

The Caledonian Club again took the initiative in starting the subscription fund by donating the net proceeds of their Burns Celebration, held in January, 1900, to the Monument fund.

Mr. Henry Norwell and Mr. Henry B. Leuchars each subscribed \$500; Mr. J. Murray Kay, \$250; Mr. Peter Gray and the Hon. A. B. Bruce \$100 each. Other donations and subscriptions quickly followed, and the Association gave an entertainment at Tremont Temple, March 28, 1901, which netted the monument fund \$226.54.

Senator Hoar on this occasion delivered his now famous oration on Robert Burns, which was afterward, in response to repeated requests, published in booklet form by the Association. Copies can still be had from the clerk at ten cents each.

If the Association never did anything more to perpetuate the memory of Robert Burns than give Senator Hoar ("the grand old man, eloquent") the opportunity to deliver this, one of the greatest of his orations, it has justified its being. Here are two of his delightful characterisations:

"Burns belongs somehow to simple nature. I should rather almost be tempted to put his picture and include him in Bewick or Audubon among the songbirds. You might almost select a mocking-bird or a vesper sparrow, or a bobolink, or a hermit thrush, to sing his music. You expect for him an eternity like that of Nature herself."

"Yet this man brought the best message ever brought to the whole world since Bethlehem, of love and hope and reverence for God and man. Humanity the round world over walks more erect for what Robert Burns said and sung."

After the list of subscriptions had been published, the Association found it hard work to augment it perceptibly, and new plans were formulated and debated upon at nearly every meeting, whereby the objects of the Association could be brought to the attention of a greater number of the lovers of Burns than had yet been reached.

On February 21st, 1905, another concert was held at Tremont Temple, at which the famous Scottish prima-donna, Miss Jessie MacLachlan and her Company appeared before an audience which crowded the hall. This resulted in \$528.51 being added to the monument



fund, and restored the waning enthusiasm of the members.

“There’s nought but care on ev’ry han’,  
In every hour that passes,  
What signifies the life o’ man  
An’ ’twere na for the lasses.  
  
Auld nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes,  
Her ’prentice han’ she tried on man  
An’ then she made the lasses.

By special invitation of the Association, ladies were present at the regular meeting held Wednesday evening, May 10th, 1905, and from that date a new life and spirit was injected into our organization. The object of the Association and the difficulties it had labored under were explained to them and their assistance cordially invited.

How nobly they responded to that invitation and how hard they have worked is self-evident from what is now before you at this fair, which is the result of their own efforts, with practically no assistance from mere man.

There is at present in the monument fund, including interest, nearly \$3,600, and it is confidently expected that before the year is over we shall have passed the first \$5,000 mark.





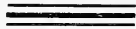
MISS JEAN ARMOUR BURNS BROWN  
Great Granddaughter of Burns, and her mother  
MRS. THOMAS BROWN OF DUMFRIES

Photo by Wm. J. Hamilton, Lynn  
at the door of Burns' Cottage



# THE POETS AND ROBERT BURNS

*(Compiled by Robert Earle May)*



The title and subject of the present article was suggested upon reading the account of the Burns Centennial Anniversary, held at the Parker House, Boston, January 25th, 1859, under the auspices of the Boston Burns Club, which was afterwards merged into the Boston Caledonian Club.

Two hundred and thirty-eight gentlemen sat down to dinner, the president of the Club, Gen. John S. Tyler, being supported by the following guests: His Excellency Governor Banks, Gen. Wm. Schoutler, Hon. Jos. Howe, Hon. Chas. A. Phelps, president of the Senate, Hon. George C. Hilliard, His Honor Mayor Lincoln, Josiah Quincy, Jr., Hon. J. Putnam Bradlee, Lord Radstock, the poets N. P. Willis, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Prof. James Russell Lowell, and the orator of the evening, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The Hon. Edward Everett sent a letter of apology as also Robert C. Winthrop, who concluded his letter with the following tribute to the Scots Charitable Society: "Nor can I forget that New England owes to the land of Burns her earliest experience of an organized association of benevolence in the Scots Charitable Society, dating back its original institution to the year 1658.

"Allow me in reference to this interesting historical fact to offer you the subjoined sentiment, 'The Scots in New England two hundred years ago. They proved themselves worthy forerunners of the immortal bard, who said:—

"'But deep this truth impressed my mind,  
Through all His works abroad,  
The heart benevolent and kind  
The most resembles God.'"

Josiah Quincy, Sr., in his letter of apology explaining his absence wrote, that Burns himself had taught him

"When life's day is nearly gloaming  
Then farewell vacant careless roaming,  
And farewell cheerful tankards foaming,  
And social joys."

and that "prudent, cautious self-control is wisdom's root."

Benjamin P. Shillaber sent an original song and John G. Whittier sent a poem composed for this occasion.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's oration, from which we quote below is a poem in prose, and the tributes by Holmes, Lowell and Whittier rank with the best of the many garlands bestowed upon our bard.

On the occasion of the Centennial many notable gatherings were held throughout the globe, but in no one of these were there more lasting tributes made, or nobler sentiments paid to the poet's memory, than in Boston.

The address of Mr. Emerson was extremely felicitous, as the following extract will show:—

"He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farmhouse and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature. and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature! Not great like Goethe in the stars, or like Byron on the ocean, or Moore in the luxurious East, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles and heather, which he daily knew. How many 'Bonnie Doons,' and 'Auld Lang Synes' all 'round the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm work, the country holiday, the fishing people, are still his debtors today. And as he was thus poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so he had the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that lowland Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But, more than this,

he had the secret of genius to draw from the bosom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes; he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody. The memory of Burns—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it.

“The doves perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns—every man’s and boy’s and girl’s head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley and bulrushes hourly rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all the cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.”

Dr. Holmes had been the guest of the Boston Burns Club on a previous occasion, January 25, 1856, when he read an original poem from which the following is taken:—

“The lark of Scotia’s morning sky!  
Whose voice may sing his praises?  
With heaven’s own sunlight in his eye,  
He walked among the daisies.  
Till through the cloud of fortune’s wrong,  
He soared to fields of glory;  
But left his land her sweetest song,  
And earth her saddest story.”

On this occasion he concluded another poem, as follows:—

“I fling my pebble on the cairn  
Of him though dead, undying;  
Sweet nature’s nursling, bonniest bairn  
Beneath the daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,  
Shall speak the minstrel's story—  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain mist of glory."

Several years before, James Russell Lowell had written the poem,  
"AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR,"  
the first verse of which reads thus:—

"He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough  
Pressed round to hear the praise of one  
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,  
As homespun as their own."

His later poem, read by him this evening, included the following lines:—

"Dear bard and brother! let who may  
Against thy faults be railing!  
(Though far, I pray, from us be they  
That never knew a failing!)  
One toast I'll give, and that not long,  
Which thou would'st pledge if present,—  
To him whose song in nature strong,  
Makes man of prince and peasant!"

John G. Whittier once narrated this episode of his early life. A friend loaned him Burns' poems, and he says: "I had never read any poetry before except Friends' poetry, and thee'll know what that be. I began to read Burns and was lost in wonder. It seemed as if the sky had lifted and the world widened and I saw mankind outside the narrow bounds of the Friends. . . . His genius is so great and noble that if there be blots (in his poetry) they are so little that I don't see them."

Mr. Whittier was unable to be present but sent his poem which was read to the assemblage and from which we cull the following:

"In smiles and tears, in sun and showers,  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

"Wild heather bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant!  
How, at their mention, memory turns!  
Her pages old and pleasant!

"But who his human heart has laid  
To nature's bosom nearer?  
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
To love a tribute dearer?"

Record was made of nearly one thousand gatherings which took place this same evening, one of the most notable of these was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, where 800 gentlemen sat down to dinner under the presidency of the historian of Europe, Sir Arch. Alison Bart. Among the men of mark by whom he was supported were Sir David Brewster, Samuel Lover (the Irish novelist), R. Monckton Milnes, M. P., afterwards Lord Houghton, himself a poet of no mean order; Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick," the American writer), Sheriff Henry Glassford Bell and Dr. Norman Macleod of the Barony.

Mr. Monckton Milnes had just finished his duties as one of the adjudicators in the competition for the prize of fifty guineas, offered by the Crystal palace directors for a poem on Burns. This prize fell to a young Scottish lady, Miss Isa Craig, out of no fewer than 621 competitors. He took occasion to refer to the high character of many of the unsuccessful works and quoted from one in which the Scots were characterised as a people who read by turns "the Psalms of David and the Songs of Burns."

We quote two extracts from Miss Craig's poem:

"We hail this morn,  
A century's noblest birth  
A poet peasant-born,  
Who more of Fame's immortal dower  
Unto his country brings  
Than all her Kings!  
"To Nature's feast,  
Who knew her noblest guest  
And entertained him best,  
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east  
She draped with crimson and with gold,

And poured her pure joy wines  
For him the poet-souled;  
For him the anthem rolled  
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,  
Down to the slenderest note  
Of a love-warble from the linnet's throat."

Among all the poetic tributes of the Centenary, none perhaps can be accorded a higher place than that by another poet of the people, Gerald Massey, which concludes thus:

"We are one at heart as Britain's sons,  
Because you join our clasping hands,  
While one electric feeling runs  
Thro' all the English lands,  
And near or far where Briton's band  
Today the leal and true heart turns  
More fondly to the fatherland  
For love of Robert Burns."

Nearly every major and minor poet since Burns' time have paid loving tribute to his memory, one notable exception being Lord Tennyson. To name only those of the early 19th century, Byron and Shelley have perhaps but a single line of reference, John Keats wrote a sonnet in Burns' birthplace, but he claimed it was so unworthy the spot that he tore it up and afterwards while in the highlands rewrote it.

Sir Walter Scott, James Montgomery, James Hogg, Robert Tannahill and other Scottish poets made Burns the subject of many of their effusions worthy of being quoted in full.

Thomas Campbell's

"ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS"

is often quoted, and contains the following :

"Who that has melted o'er his lay  
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,  
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,  
The landscape and the livelong day  
That smiled upon their mutual love?  
Who that has felt forgets the song?"

"And see the Scottish exile, tann'd  
By many a far and foreign clime,  
Bend o'er his home born verse, and weep  
In memory of his native land,  
With love that scorns the lapse of time,  
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

"Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!  
That couldst alternately impart  
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,  
And brand each vice with satire strong;  
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart—  
Whose truths electrify the sage."

Mrs. E. B. Browning, Mrs. F. D. Hemans and Eliza Cook also paid him tribute, the last-named saying:

"Oh! Robin, Robin! bards divine  
Fair wreaths for thee have tried to twine;  
But none that deck thy memory-stone  
Eclipse the laurels of thine own."

Of all the great English poets, Wordsworth most felt the influence of Burns. He was affectingly touched by the sad story of our poet and as if in homage several of his poems, written during his tour in Scotland, are in one of Burns' favorite meters. Standing beside Burns' grave in 1803 Wordsworth said:

"Well might I mourn that he was gone,  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
When breaking forth as Nature's own,  
                    It showed my youth  
How verse may build a princely throne  
                    On humble truth."

again—

"Sweet mercy! to the gates of Heaven  
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;  
The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
                    With vain endeavor,  
And memory of earth's bitter leaven  
                    Effaced for ever."

In this country, Fitz-Greene Halleck wrote a Poem to Burns, suggested by the sight of a rose brought in 1822 from near Alloway Kirk:

“Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,  
A hate of tyrant and of knave;  
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,  
Of coward and of slave;  
A kind, true heart, a spirit high,  
That could not fear and would not bow,  
Were written in his manly eye  
And on his manly brow.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines—  
Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
The Meccas of the mind.”

In 1879 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, sitting in his study in that historic mansion in Cambridge, which is now also a place of loving pilgrimage,— sees a ploughman, who—

“’Mid the fields of Ayr, sings at his task.”

and says—

“At moments, wrestling with his fate,  
His voice is harsh, but not with hate;  
The brush-wood hung  
Above the tavern door, lets fall  
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall  
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song  
Rises o’er all, elate and strong;  
Its master-chords  
Are manhood, freedom, brotherhood.  
Its discords but an interlude  
Between the words.”

and concludes—



“His prescence haunts this room to-night,  
A form of mingled mist and light  
From that far coast.  
Welcome beneath this roof of mine!  
Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,  
Dear guest and ghost!”

On the 25th of January, 1877, Lord Houghton unveiled the statue of Robert Burns in George Square, Glasgow, erected by one shilling subscriptions from lovers of the poet. John MacFarlane, the Canadian poet, wrote the inauguration ode from which we cull the following:

“The shroud of the past hath vanished,  
And the mighty-given-of-God,  
Looms forth entranced with the meanest flower,  
That springs from the verdant sod;  
Oh! wildly impassioned spirit!  
In the throes of thy great unrest,  
Thou gavest the golden chalice of Thought,  
But we called for the ribald jest.”

On the occasion of the inauguration of the Burns' monument at Kilmarnock in 1879, the poem by Alexander Anderson (Surfaceman), was considered to be the best of those submitted for a prize medal, but as it exceeded the length agreed upon the prize was awarded to Alex. G. Murdoch. A special medal was, however, awarded to Mr. Anderson for his poem from which we quote two verses:

“O blessings on this swarthy seer, who gave us such a boon,  
And still kept in his royal breast his royal soul in tune!  
Men look'd with kindlier looks on men, and in far distant lands  
His very name made brighter eyes and firmer clasp of hands.

“And sun-brown'd maidens in the field, among the swaying corn,  
Their pulses beating with the soft delight of love new born,  
Felt his warm music thrill their hearts and glow to finger tips,  
As if the spirit of him who sang was throbbing on their lips.”

When the patriot Kossuth visited the grave of Burns, a Dumfries gentleman offered a prize for the best poem commemorating the

incident and Mr. Murdoch was again adjudged the winner for the poem which begins:

"Immortal picture, fixed in memory's light,

Kossuth, the champion of Truth and right,  
Beside the grave of Burns!"

Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the statue to Robert Burns at Dumfries, W. Stewart Ross was awarded a medal for the prize ode, which contains this couplet:

“Australia loves him, India too, as tho’ he had but died yestreen;  
Columbia knows the ‘Banks o’ Doon’ and Afric sings of ‘Bonnie  
Jean!’ ”

William Reid was the author of the poem, "To the Memory of Robert Burns" on unveiling his statue at Dundee, from which we quote the following lines:

“Amidst the constellated peers of mind  
Can genius claim a brighter soul of song?  
Or in the myriad ranks of human kind  
What heart e’er glowed with sympathies as strong?”

Next January the Boston Caledonian Club will for the fifty-second time celebrate the anniversary of the poet's birth. For years they have, on these occasions filled Mechanics' Hall, the largest in the city, and many distinguished speakers have delivered the oration on Burns, at these gatherings. Robert Buchanan in 1885 sent an original poem,

## “THE GIFT OF BURNS”

addressed to the Boston Caledonian Club on the 126th anniversary of the birth of the national poet, from which we give one verse :

“Scots, gathered now in phalanx bright,  
Here in this distant land,  
To greet you, this immortal night,  
I reach the loving hand;  
My soul is with you, one and all,  
Who pledge our poet’s fame,  
And echoing your toast I call  
A blessing on his name!”



BURNS MAUSOLEUM AT AYR

We have mentioned how Wordsworth in 1803, standing beside Burns' grave, framed his poem in the favorite meter of Burns; nearly one hundred years afterward two of the leading poets of the end of the 19th century paid tribute in the same way.

William Watson won his laurels as a poet by an appreciation of Wordsworth which is considered a masterpiece. We quote one verse from his poem,

“AT THE TOMB OF ROBERT BURNS”

“He came, when poets had forgot  
How rich and strange the human lot;  
How warm the tints of life, how hot  
                  Are love and hate,  
And what makes love divine and what  
                  Makes manhood great.”

Algernon Charles Swinburne has been said by some, to be the greatest living master of invective and by others to be the greatest living master of language. If it had not been for some of his invective poems it was thought that he would now be poet laureate of England, and competent critics say he was entitled to that position. If space would permit we would gladly print his poem to Robert Burns in full.

“A fire of fierce and laughing light  
That clove the shuddering heart of night  
Leapt earthward; and the thunders might  
                  That pants and yearns,  
Made fitful music round its flight;  
                  And earth sees Burns.

The daisy by his ploughshare cleft,  
The lips of women loved and left,  
The griefs and joys that weave the web  
                  Of human time,  
With craftsman's cunning, keen and deft,  
                  He carved in rhyme.

But never, since bright earth was born  
In rapture of the enkindling morn,  
Might godlike wrath and sunlike scorn,  
                  That was and is



And shall be while false weeds are worn  
Find word like his."

In the year 1881 the most distinguished Scottish-American of the present generation, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, was the orator at the celebration held in Pittsburg on the occasion of the 122d anniversary of the poet's birth. During the course of his remarks he made the following assertions:

"It cannot be safely challenged that the name of Burns is the charm, the talisman, which unite more men in the bonds of brotherhood than any other which can be named, and it will be admitted that the legacy he has left us, furnishes the channel through which is poured most of the purest affection, the truest friendship and all that pertains to the rites of friendship.

It is no longer the peasant and the illiterate who appreciate Burns best, but the men of keenest insight, the Arnolds and Ruskins, who confess themselves most completely under his spell, while Carlyle, our greatest living countryman, finds in him the Aeolian harp of nature against which the rude winds of adversity blew only to be transmuted in their passage into heavenly music. The master minds of this day, hail him as the genius of his age."

Clergymen of all faiths have ever been among Burns' most ardent admirers and some of the finest orations on Burns delivered in this country have been made by them. Among others we may mention Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Collyer, T. de Witt Talmage, Minot J. Savage and George C. Lorimer. We have frequently heard Burns claimed by orators of different denominations to have been of their belief (spiritualists claim him because of his poem, "The Vision," possibly also because of "Tam o' Shanter" and "Death" and "Dr. Hornbrook"), and we have more than once heard Dr. Lorimer declare that if Robert Burns had been alive at the present day he would have been a member of Tremont Temple Baptist Church. Atheists and freethinkers have magnified and quoted in a perverted sense some of Burns satires, but reverence for the Great Creator and praise for all His works, recurs too frequently in Burns' writings for them to claim him as one of their kind. Col. Robert C. Ingersoll delivered the oration before the Chicago Caledonian Society January 23d, 1893, and when all else that he has written has long been forgotten, these verses with which he concluded will be fondly remembered:

“THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS”

Though Scotland boasts a thousand names  
Of patriot, king and peer,  
The noblest, grandest of them all  
Was loved and cradled here;  
Here lived the gentle peasant prince,  
The loving cotter king  
Compared with whom the greatest lord  
Is but a titled thing.

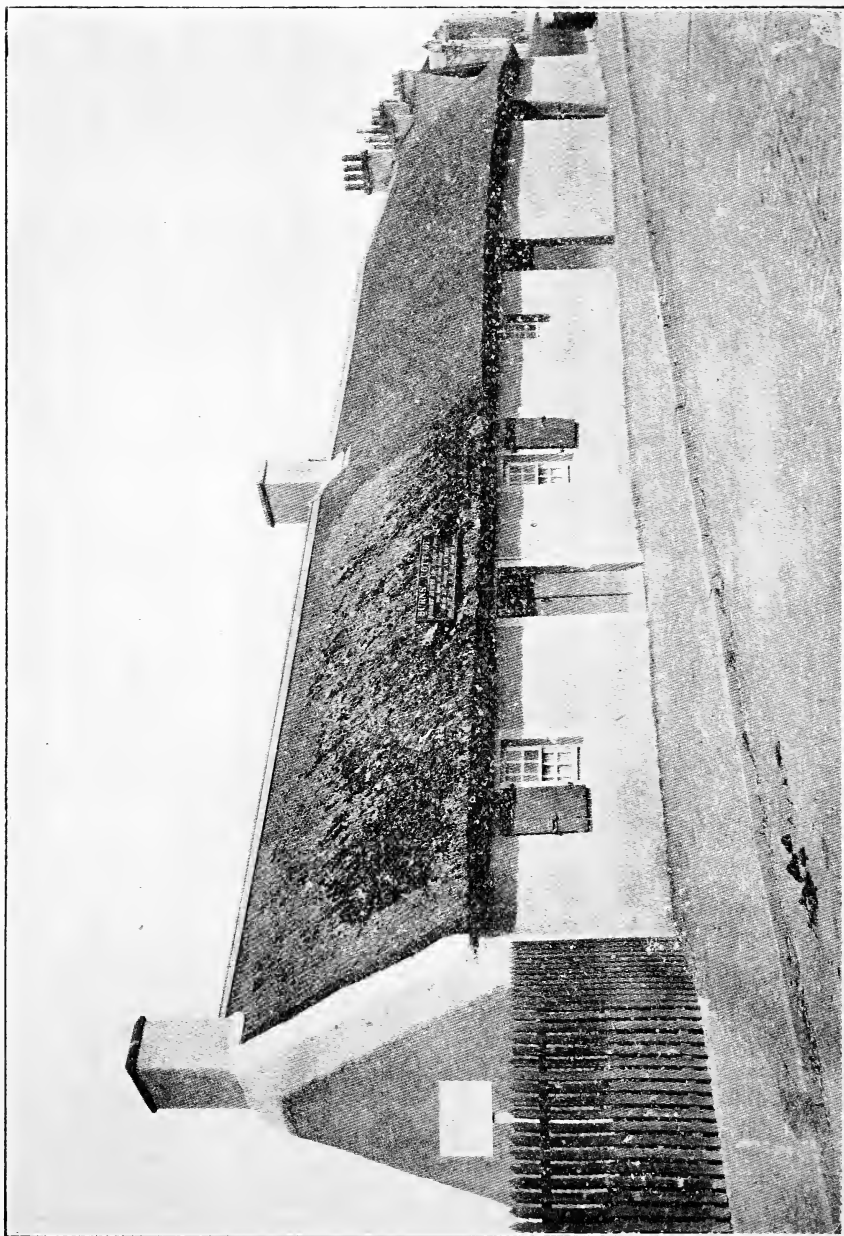
’Tis but a cot roofed in with straw  
A hovel made of clay;  
One door shuts out the snow and storm  
One window greets the day,  
And yet I stand within this room  
And hold all thrones in scorn  
For here, beneath this lowly thatch,  
Love’s sweetest bard was born.

Within this hallowed hut I feel  
Like one who grasps a shrine  
When the glad lips at last have touched  
The something deemed divine;  
And here the world through all the years,  
As long as day returns,  
The tribute of its love and tears  
Will pay to Robert Burns.

A favorite ‘theme of my lay’ with many of Burns’ poetic admirers from the earliest days to the present time has been the River Doon, whose bonnie banks and braes have been sung into immortality by the poet’s verse. The subjoined monody appeared anonymously in the New York Ledger a few years ago, and while of no special merit in itself, has been widely copied and as the same idea has been used over and over again by others, we give it a place.

“THE BONNY DOON”

“I paused beside the bonny Doon  
At midnight and alone  
And heard it tell the listening moon,  
In saddest undertone,  
The loss and sorrow by it known.



COTTAGE WHERE BURNS WAS BORN

Photo by Wm. J. Hamilton of Lynn



“What though in spring my birks grow sweet  
In summer shade my tide?  
What though the years unchanged repeat  
Their magic at my side?  
No more to me the bard returns  
Who sang my banks and braes;  
No more the lips of Robert Burns  
Are vocal in my praise.

“Oh Bonny Doon,” said I, “take heart  
And learn this truth of me:  
Immortal as his heavenly art  
The bard himself must be.  
Though never to your banks and braes  
His wandering step returns,  
The sweetest singer in your praise  
Is still your Robert Burns.”

Yet as before beside the Doon,  
At midnight and alone,  
I heard it tell the listening moon,  
In saddest undertone  
The loss and sorrow by it known.

Will Carleton, the popular American poet, wrote a poem entitled,

“WHEN BURNS WAS BORN”

from which we take the following lines :

“Upon that morn,  
A hundred songs that now the world adorn,  
With pictures of the world that form a part,  
Were lying deep in Nature’s yearning heart.  
The daisy oft had glittered on the hill,  
But waited for her ploughboy lover still;  
The wounded hare had suffered sore and long,  
But never yet had heard its funeral song;  
The cunning mouse had plied his petty craft,  
But had not sent the world a text that laughed  
Mankind to scorn!”

The Rev. Arthur John Lockhart in his poem

“THE CHAMPION”

pays the following magnificent tribute:

“O voice of nature—voice of Burns!  
Who e’er forgets what once he learns  
Out of thy heart-warm volume?  
Who loves, loves thee—as bird or dew  
On spire or spray, when morn returns:  
Who findeth thee, O Bard! receives  
The best that genial nature gives;—  
Hath odors, sunbeams, brooks and blossoms,  
Hath what is artless, nature, true.  
What things are rare in poesy  
Or rich in life, are met in thee.”

Over 75 years ago the greatest Scotsman of his generation wrote the Essay on Burns which, while containing many Carlylean characteristics, is on the whole still considered to be the finest appreciation of Burns ever penned. Of the songs of Burns, Carlyle says: “With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the fondest or slickest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, ‘sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear.’ ” If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects, how from the loud flowing revel in “Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut,” to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness of “Mary in heaven,”—from the glad, kind greeting of “Auld Lang Syne” or the comic archness of “Duncan Gray,” to the fiery-eyed fury of “Scots wha hae wi Wallace Bled,” he has found a tone and words for every mood of man’s heart, it will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our song-writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him.

One of the most brilliant essayists of the present day, Richard Le Gallienne, says, “In memory of Burns”: “There can be little question that Burns is the most popular great poet in the world.

Shakspeare is like an established church, a noble superstition, which it is well for the world at large to reverence; but it would be idle to pretend that his work with the exception of a few proverbial

lines, has any such warm place in the general heart as the love songs and drinking songs of Robert Burns."

It may be interesting in this connection to quote an extract from the London Sphere of a few years ago:

"More people pay an annual visit to the places associated with Burns than pay an annual visit to the places associated with Shakspeare.

"Here are the figures for one year:

Shakspeare's house at Stratford .....	31,748
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Shakspeare's museum at Stratford .....	20,144
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Total .....	51,892
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Burns' birthplace at Ayr .....	50,092
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Burns' monument on the banks of the Doon ..	66,158
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Total .....	116,250"
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During the year ending September 30th, 1905, the number of visitors to the birthplace of Burns at Alloway was 56,309, being the largest number that ever paid for admission to the cottage. As usual the visitors came from all over the world and it is noted that Americans were more numerous this season than ever. The total number of visitors during July was 15,907 and during August 11,058. The total number of visitors to the monument for the same period was 62,058, which, however, falls short of previous records.

In the year 1904 a reproduction of Burns' cottage was built by the Burns' Cottage Association at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition held at St. Louis. The commissioner of China to the exhibition, Chang Yon Tong, was invited to be present at the opening and in accepting the invitation he sent a poem from which we quote two stanzas:

"O! Kindred soul of humble birth,  
Divine, though of the lowly earth,  
Forgotten thou art not to-day.  
Nor yet neglected—here's thy bay!

I am a foreign unknown bard  
Whose devious course is rough and hard;  
But cheered at times by thy sweet song,  
I sing away, nor mind the throng."

We do not pretend that in all or any of the quotations we have made, that the choicest or best extracts have been given. In many instances the whole poem should almost necessarily have been inserted, but space forbid, and we have given what appealed most in a few lines to ourselves. We have, however, given the name of the poem in almost every instance, and for this we are certain will receive the thanks of many who will be led to read the complete poems for themselves.

We will conclude this article as we began, by coming back to Boston and quoting from the works of the late Frederic Lawrence Knowles, a gifted Bostonian, who died a few months ago in Roxbury at the early age of 36, two years younger than Robert Burns. Mr. Knowles was confidently predicted by critics like Richard Henry Stoddard, Lilian Whiting and others to be the next great American poet. Louise Chandler Moulton states that several of his poems are contributions to immortal literature, surely this is one of them:

“ ON A FLYLEAF OF BURNS’ SONGS ”

“These are the best of him,  
Pathos and jest of him,  
Earth holds the rest of him.

“Passions were strong in him,  
Pardon the wrong in him,  
Hark to the song in him!

Each little lyrical  
Grave or satirical  
Musical miracle.







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